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CHAPTER III.

THE JUSTICE-ROOM.

RICHARD's feelings were not to be envied as he lay awake that night thinking over what had taken place in the morning. It had never for a moment entered his mind that his tutor would repeat his statement to the squire, and he would have given a good deal if he had not made it; however, there was nothing for him now but to stick to the story, and he felt but little doubt of the result. He had no idea that any but the actors in it had witnessed the scene by the pool, and he felt confident that his uncle would, as a matter of course, take his word in preference to that of this boy, who would naturally tell lies to screen himself. Of course the child was there, but no one would mind what a baby like that said. Still it was a nuisance, and he gnashed his teeth with rage at the interference of his tutor in the matter.

"I will get rid of him somehow before long," he said. "I will pay him out for his meddling as sure as my name's Richard Horton. I will get him out of this before three months are gone."

The next morning at breakfast Richard received a message from the squire that he was to be present at ten o'clock in the justice-room, and accordingly at that hour he presented himself there with a confident air, but with an inward feeling of misgiving. The squire was sitting at his table with his clerk beside him. Mr. Robertson was in a